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a fulsome essay of Nathaniel
Adams. Ben the side Adams, who
so richly defended the ac-
cursed institution of American
Slavery.

As I read the report of your
pleasant entertainment by
the "Franklin Club," I rather
wished I had been of your
number. I was with you in
spirit and pleasurable re-
joicing. Oh, how time flies
Here we are up the hill - ay,
over the ^{other} side "among the long
shadows." No matter - if at last
we can say, not "good night"
but "good morning." Thanks
for a cheerful faith which
knows no death, but life for-
evermore.

As I often in my office bend
over the same imposing stone
^{upon} which you so long made up
the "Liberator," I sigh for the

remembrance of a partial re-
vival of the past—at least
for the appearance of a sheet
that may respond to the wants
of this hour, that finds such
recreancy and cowardice, to
finish up what God and
humanity demands.

I had a line from our old
friend Oliver Johnson, who
as I presume you know, is
publishing a paper in New-
Jersey. He has not lost all
his old love for past days of
conflict with oppression.
I cut out and ^{en}close a bit
of history which is opportune
just now in view of the en-
ergy referred to of Dr. Adams.
How insulate and ~~stupid~~ Hayes'
policy proves. So much for
corruption. It does not require
a very clear vision to note
the Republican party as a

Miserable failure - ready for
burial without benefit of the
clergy, upon whom they now
call to save ~~them~~ from des-
truction!

My dear friend, I confess to
a share of astonishment ~~at~~ ^{to} the
depth of depravity evinced in
professed followers of the cru-
cified One, whose mission
was to seek and ~~to~~ save
the lost.

But then God is God, and one
day "evil" will be overcome with
good. Let us put on the whole
armor of righteousness - "cry aloud
and spare not," till the end
comes.

I trust we may hear your voice
in Milford once more. At least
I hope you may make ^{me} a visit
sometime. Yours, Geo. W. Plafey

Malden Oct 20, 1876.

My Dear Friend Garrison:-

How history is repeating itself. This is an hour of intense anxiety to thoughtful minds. To what complexion have matters come at last. Alas how one is inclined to live over the past. Time brings sombre changes, and we cling to old friendship. But alas, we find little worthy the attention of an immortal mind. But this aside.

I am always ^{glad} to read whatever you find time and inclination to pen. I thank you for the faithful biographical notice of ~~our~~ dear friend Thompson's ~~death~~. Was it not a little singular, that beside your article in the "Boston Journal", there appeared